

And having found Thee ruthless and unkind;
 Soft skinned, hard hearted; sweet looks, void
 of pity;
 Ten thousand furies araged in my
 mind! Changing the tenour of my
 lovely Ditty;
 By whose enchanting Saws and magic
 Spell^
 Thine hard, indurate hearty I must compel.

SESTINE 5.



HEN, first, with locks dishevelled
 and bare, Strait girded, in a
 cheerful calmy night, Having a
 fire made of green cypress wood,
 And with male frankincense on altar
 kindled; I call on threefold HECATE with
 tears!
 And here, with loud voice, invocate the
 Furies !

For their assistance to me, with their furies ;
 Whilst snowy steeds in coach, bright PHCEBE
 bare.
 Ay me ! PARTHENOPHE smiles at my tears !
 I neither take my rest by day or night;
 Her cruel loves in me such heat have
 kindled.
 Hence, goat! and bring her to me raging
 wood !

HECATE tell, which way she comes through
 the wood! This wine about this altar, to
 the Furies I sprinkle ! whiles the cypress
 boughs be kindled. This brimstone, earth
 within her bowels bare ! And this blue
 incense, sacred to the night! This hand,
 perforce, from this bay his branch tears !

So be She brought! which pitied not my tears !
 And as it burneth with the cypress wood, So
 burn She with desire,, by day and night!
 You gods of vengeance ! and avengeful
 Furies! Revenge, to whom I bend on my
 knees bare. Hence, goat! and bring her,
 with love's outrage kindled!